

Capitalizing Vanity Is a Paying Business

MANY MEN LIKE TO SEE
THEIR PICTURES IN A BOOK

Sometimes "Ye Scribes Club" Gives Them That
Pleasure and Sometimes It Merely Takes Their
Money—Experiences of Some Who Yielded
to the Lure of Publicity.

By SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS.

Do you, Mr. Business Man, or you, Mr. Club Member, or you, Mr. Man-About-Town, know George L. Leveson-Gower? If you do, enough said. Turn to the baseball score or the stock market and try to forget your troubles. If you do not, you may very likely achieve his acquaintance one of these days, and in that case you will perhaps save yourself loss and embarrassment in meeting him first, by proxy, as it were, through the medium of my introduction. Now, then, Mr. Business Man, let me present Mr. Leveson-Gower (pronouncing it, if you choose, Lews'ngore) of Ye Scribes Club. Lock up your check book and say that you're glad to meet him.

You may well be, for his is a pleasing and vivacious personality. Longitudinally, Mr. Gower (if I may be permitted in the interests of brevity to decapitate him just below the hyphen), is of real size. Latitudinally, he is formidable. He wears an 18½ inch collar and is blessed with the expensive, almost explosive vivacity characteristic of big-necked men who are not fat. Vigor and vim tingle in his manner and address and sparkle from his keen, bristly, shrewd eyes. There is an atmosphere of dynamic pleasantness about him. His method of approach is by a burly cajolery, unsuited perhaps through its high-pressure "hustle" to charm the proverbial bird from the bush, but quite irresistible enough to haul an automobile from its garage. Apropos of which, he himself affects an automobile of the most expensive make for his business calls.

The business of Mr. George L. Gower, Jr., as he calls himself in his professional capacity, is to get you into print. He is a purveyor of fame. He will set your face before the public—at any rate he contracts to set your face before the public—for a consideration. According to his representations, made when he calls upon you either in person or through an agent, you are one of the elect, chosen to be immortalized through the publication of a book glorified by some such proud and high-sounding title as "The People," the "the" being in quotation marks for emphasis, or "Them As Is; Because." Your check will be gratefully received upon signing of the contract. But the immediacy is all on one side. By a strange forgetfulness, the matter of time of publication is not mentioned in the contract. Many, indeed, there are still painfully awaiting immortality at the hands of Gower, for which they paid cash down long since. That is why you would be wise to set your check book beyond the reach of his persuasion when he calls. Shrewder men than you, perchance, have succumbed to his tempestuous blandishments.

At present Gower's identifiable activities centre in a concern known as "Ye Scribes Club of New York, Inc.," with headquarters at 128 Madison Avenue, of which he is the president. In the commonly accepted sense of the term it is not a club at all, but a publishing company. Formerly he was the leading spirit of an organization, also bearing a title suggestive of journalistic activities, "The Press Artists' Association," of 41 Park Row. Since a contract of publication made by "Ye Scribes Club" was fulfilled (ostensibly) by the insertion of the matter contracted for in a book bearing the imprint of the Press Artists' Association, it is a fair inference that the two are practically identical, and a fair guess that Mr. Gower is, practically speaking, both of them.

The book referred to is the one discoverable specimen extant of Gower's publishing genius. Its title is, "Them As Is; Because," and it may some day be valuable to collectors as a curiosity of early twentieth century literature. Any value which it may possess to-day (beyond its profitable returns to its publisher) must inhere in the minds of those who are the subjects of its measured praise. While I am not at present concerned primarily with the literary quality of the volume, I will pause long enough to mention merely that it is just about the saddest drivel which it has ever been my misfortune to read on compulsion.

The process of getting patronage for "Them As Is; Because" was thus carried on by Gower. He would call on a "prospective," mentioning the name of some common friend, and set forth the advantages of appearing in the distinguished company of those who were to make up the collection. There was to be a cartoon-sketch of the subject conceived in a friendly spirit, and some letter-press, probably verse, to accompany it, with a complimentary reference to the subject's business, or his hobby, or both. It is much like the old scheme of "Fads and Fancies," on a much smaller scale and with the "moral pressure" left out. Names of more or less prominent business men or firms who had subscribed or promised to sign contracts were advanced as incentives to come in. The price, sometimes \$37.50 and sometimes lesser amounts, was supposed to cover the cost of plate, the preparation, and a copy of the book. In every instance, however, the proposition was that the signer of the contract was to be duly exploited in a book of notables.

And what did those get for it who paid over their money? A few extracts from the collection will suffice to show what \$35 worth of Gower-made illustriousness is. Here are typical gems from "Them As Is; Because" bound in green vellum with gold lettering, and bearing on the title page the rather vague legend, "Press Artists' Association. Verses by La Touche Hancock, Geo. Gower, Jr., and others." If the anonymity of "and others" has any purpose, it is perhaps as a cloak of charity to conceal responsibility for such verse as the following:

William Pettibone.

He's led the Uniform Brigade
For a score of years or more,
And countless uniforms he's made,
Which the ladies all adore.
So it's quite uniform for us
To doff our hats to him,
And telephone to Pettibone
When uniform's our whim.

Or this, which has at least a suggestion of "vers libre":

Marcus Bruckheimer.

He owns some Irish terriers
Of highest pedigree,
And is a member of the Kennel Club.
If you haven't heard of Marcus Bruckheimer
I hate to say that you must be a dub.

Or this, worthy of Mary C. Burke in her most ecstatic and reckless mood:

Doctor Frederick A. Webster.

Tell it on the house-tops, even in Gath,
Frederick Webster's an osteopath,
He says all diseases come from the spine,
An assertion which nobody can decline.

For this species of infantile twaddle a round six hundred supposedly hard-headed business men and women fell—and great was the fall thereof. Not all of them paid, it is said, but assuming that three-quarters of them did, here is upwards of \$15,000 invested in this collection of unbelievable balderdash! Truly the fishing was good with the bait which Gower used.

In his quest of easy money Gower chanced upon Robert W. Dasey, of 18 East Forty-first Street, president of the Supper Club, in the spring of 1913. At this time, "Them As Is; Because," had already bloomed upon a more or less appreciative world, and its ingenious publisher was now working through the medium of "Ye Scribes Club." When Gower's agent called upon Mr. Dasey with his plausible plan for a distinctive and agreeable species of exploitation the latter was receptive enough and readily signed a contract for \$37.50, paying \$15 down, the stipulation

being that an original drawing of him was to be published in a forthcoming book issued by "Ye Scribes Club," thus specified in the contract:

Ye
Scribes
"Prisoners"

"All are captive to circumstance, rough chains perchance, that chafe, or silken cords that bruise us not, but hold us ne'rth'less."

Several other members of The Supper Club came in at the same time. A year passed, and no book appeared. Two years passed, and still the paid-up "Prisoners" were free of all silken constraint of print. About this time Mr. Dasey began to suffer from aroused suspicions. As is the case with most men of slow wrath, there is considerable momentum to his anger when he gets started. He delivered to Mr. Gower a brief message that meant very much what it said, impressing upon him the immediate advisability of sending along a copy of "Ye Scribes Prisoners." But how could poor Gower send a copy? There wasn't any copy! In fact, there was no such book. Being a gentleman of infinite ingenuity (one has to be in this kind of business), he took an old copy of "Them As Is; Because," slipped in a leaf with a photograph of Mr. Dasey (not an original drawing of that gentleman, as provided for in the contract), and sent it to him. He also sent him a bill for a balance of \$20, having apparently knocked off \$2.50 to appease his customer's rising fury.

This is what Mr. Dasey got for his money:

He can pitch a ball or make a sale
And at closing a lease he sure is a whale,
A Daisy by nature, and a Daisy by name,
At dancing or baseball all sports are the same.
He's good at them all and thus you will see
Why his middle name's "Populartee."

It speaks well for the self-restraint of the gentleman thus beset, who is an athletic and able-bodied individual, that, after reading this, he refrained from physical violence. What he did was to write to Mr. Gower on May 5, 1915, a plain, unvarnished letter, as follows:

"Dear Sir: I am in receipt of a bill from you for balance due on a book. This matter has gone just about far enough. For over two years I have been hearing excuses and postponements from you. Do you for a moment think that you can put over such a proposition and get away with it? Recently you delivered a book to me with my name and picture in it. Do you know that this same book was printed and delivered before I ever heard of you? I saw that book years ago and my name was not in it. Why, the page that my name is on is different paper than the rest of the book. My picture is a half tone cut. What is the reason for that? What in your mind constitutes 'Obtaining money under false pretences'? I have a printed receipt from you for money that I paid you, stating the name and kind of book that I was to receive. If I was the only person who was having trouble with you, it would be a different thing. Why don't you go to court and collect the balance which you claim is due you?"

(Signed) ROBERT DASEY.

Mr. George L. Leveson-Gower didn't accept Mr. Dasey's well-meant suggestion about going to court. For excellent reasons connected with "Ye Scribes Club's" publishing business, court is the last place where Mr. Gower would care to go, in a matter of this kind. However, he is likely to make a number of appearances there, perchance, presently, as several of his other victims have expressed their intention of bringing suit against his "club." One suit, in fact, has already been brought and has gone against the purveyor of fame.

Gower has many publishing irons in the fire. The great drawback to his type of enterprise seems to be that they are always in the fire and seldom emerge. Hence dissatisfaction on the part of those who have paid down their good money. However, as Long John Silver said on a memorable occasion, "Them as die'll be the lucky ones," and, in the same sense, if one may judge by "Them As Is; Because," those who have never attained to the Gower brand of immortality are truly fortunate, if they but knew it. Some of them paid, in good faith, for what they were led to believe was actual advertising in forthcoming books of "Ye Scribes Club," the distinctive feature of which has been that they don't come forth. Jones & Brindisi, for example, who had already paid \$105 for three copies (one "revised") of "Them As Is; Because," signed a contract in May, 1913, for representation in "The People," and have not yet received any return for their outlay on the contract. In the same year Dreicer & Co., the jewellers, paid \$37.50 for what they thought was a straight advertising proposition; and are still waiting to see what they are going to get for their money. Dudley E. Oatman took a half page at \$37.50; so did Philip R. Straus, E. W. Moore and many others. Only one of them, as far as I can ascertain, made any determined effort to recover the money. This one was a woman, Mrs. Cella, proprietor of a fruit store at Fifth Street and Sixth Avenue, who brought suits against "Ye Scribes Club" for \$37.50 and got judgment by default.

What the exact nature of "Ye Scribes Club's" future publications may be I cannot state, having no gift of prophecy. According to one of the agents of the concern, they are to be lists of persons in society and club life built up on "the vanity idea," with advertisements in the back. These are, perhaps, the advertisements for which the discontented signers of contracts have paid so long in advance. Concerning the "club" itself there is some curiously contradictory information. One representative assures The Tribune that it is a club only in name, being, in fact, an incorporated publishing enterprise. But Gower (who, as president, should surely know!) informed E. W. Moore, president of the Electric Cable Company, when approaching him for an "advertisement," that the club was made up of feature writers for the newspapers, who had banded together for mutual protection and benefit; that any patronage would be appreciated by them and would constitute an easy way of securing desirable publicity, as well as of escaping undesirable, should he ever be in danger of this.

The following books have been projected by "Ye Scribes Club," but whether the projection extends beyond the imagination of the promoter, is thus far a mystery:

"The People."
People of Progress.
The People of Sport.
Ye Scribes Prisoners.
The People of Society and Clubdom.
The People of Motordom.
The People of Architecture and the Allied Arts.

Of course there are also potential future editions of "Them As Is; Because," publishable by the simple device of inserting an extra page and mailing a bill, as in Mr. Dasey's case.

Such is the enterprise carried on under the style of "Ye Scribes Club." It cannot boast any fundamental originality. For twenty-five years, to my knowledge, organizations flaunting some title which would indicate a connection with the press have been the medium of obtaining subscriptions or other financial patronage from the easy-going or over-gullible. Mr. Gower's little game seems to be played with some degree of skill. Commercially it has merit, particularly in its capacity for inexpensive and indefinite expansion. As a literary achievement it is at least interesting. Ethically its status may still be adjudicated by the courts, so I shall not attempt to prejudge it. But this much may be said without injustice to any:

Unless you wish to run the risk of being piped down to posterity to such lyric measures as the following:

Phil S. Gill, there's some class to you.
You are doing something no others could do.
Your gowns are the classiest,
Your styles are the best,
Beat out Paris and England
And don't let them rest.

—unless, I say, you are prepared to take a chance of being embalmed like a full-spread fly in such amber as this, steel yourself sternly against the flatterings of glory as proffered by a winning gentleman in an eighteen-and-a-half inch collar. For there is no assurance as to what line his ungovernable genius may take with you. If your reputation needs enhancing, try the billboards, the streetcars, or the paid advertising columns. If you pine irretrievably to get your face into print, marry your manœuvre or write a testimonial to Peruna. But abjure Mr. Gower and all his lays. Poets are born; and fame is made not infrequently by those same poets, but the species of immortality to which Mr. Gower beckons in the pages of his one discoverable outburst of lyric ecstasy seems a bit dear at the price charged for it.

Woods to Appeal Hussey Case.

Police Commissioner Woods announced yesterday his intention of carrying to the Court of Appeals the ruling reinstating James E. Hussey. This is possible because Justice Mills dis-

SPARKS BURN 4 AS FUSE SNAPS IN SUBWAY CAR

Explosion Startles Passengers 80 Feet Up at Manhattan Street.

HAT ABLAZE, MAN
FLEES TO GROUND

Fearing Electricity, Crowds
Rush to Exits—One Taken to
Hospital Badly Burned.

Four persons were burned about the face and hands, traffic on the Broadway division of the subway tied up for twenty minutes and a small panic ensued shortly after 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon when a switchbox in a subway train, approaching the Manhattan Street station, exploded.

The injured are:
Albert E. Ritter, twenty years old, a clerk living at 2136 La Fontaine Avenue, The Bronx; severely burned about the face, hands and body; taken to Knickerbocker Hospital.

Valere Braquehins, sixty-three years old, a restaurant keeper at Fort Lee, N. J.; attended by Dr. Padilla, of Knickerbocker Hospital.

Amazo Cesari, forty-three years old, of 59 Grove Street; attended for burns.

The Rev. Dr. Gustave Grigot, forty-five years old, of Hillcrest, Tuckahoe, N. Y.; refused medical attention.

The first of the sparks, standing on the rear platform of the first car of the train that left the Borough Hall station of the subway in Brooklyn at 4:39 o'clock. When Motorman Sayre shut off the power at the Manhattan Street station, which is eighty feet above the ground, there was an explosion over their heads and a shower of sparks, accompanied by intense heat, shot from a switch which controls the fans.

As the explosion came the train stopped. The doors were opened, and Ritter, his straw hat ablaze and his coat smouldering, ran down the long flight of stairs to Broadway. Passengers in the four cars standing on the platform, fearing the entire car would become electrified, rushed for the exits.

Power on the fans was turned off and the sparks and smoke subsided, but as a precaution fire extinguishers, with which each car is equipped, was brought into play.

An ambulance surgeon attended the Knickerbocker Hospital. Ritter was seriously burned and was taken to the hospital. The others' injuries were not so bad.

Traffic on the Fourth Avenue (Brooklyn) subway was delayed several minutes at about the same time the tie-up in Manhattan occurred. John Danna, a track walker, was killed by a train bound for New York with a Coney Island crowd and thrown on the third rail.

Frank Cordell, motorman of the Brooklyn train, applied his brakes when he saw the track walker a few feet ahead, but could not stop the train in time. Danna was thirty-one years old and lived at 510 East Eleventh Street, Manhattan.

Inspector Nolan followed up the raids on gambling in the Tendorland last night by entering, with five detectives, the house at 25 West Fifty-first Street and capturing a large amount of gambling paraphernalia.

At the time of the inspector's raid the gambler, who had been arrested at Michael Buckley and his wife, who say they are lessees of the house. On the second floor of the building Nolan found a roulette wheel, racing cards and other accessories. Games of chance, Buckley became angry when the articles were confiscated, and he and his wife attempted to resist the police. They were arrested, charged with disorderly conduct.

The raid was elaborately wired, having burglar alarms at every window and door. It is believed the gamblers were tipped off shortly before the police arrived, for neighbors said they had seen men issue from the building and drive away in automobiles just before Nolan and his men came.

When Jacob Luban, president of the Flower and Feather Social Benefit Club, and the two were arrested, they were taken to the court, where they were held in jail each for a hearing on Friday.

ADMITS KILLING FARMER
BUT CAN'T FIND BODY

Farmhand Points Out Places to
Sheriff in Hot Sun.

Albany, July 31.—Clyde Robinson, a farmhand, told Sheriff Peasley today that he had slain his employer, Arthur Brown, twenty miles west of here, and aided by Mrs. Brown hidden the body. After an all-day search of the premises, the body had not been found to-night and the authorities now doubt if Brown has been slain. He has been absent from home a week.

According to Robinson's story, he struck Brown down because of his jealousy. He said he hid his boss' body under some loose hay in a barn. With the temperature above ninety in the shade, the sheriff and his aides pitched out eleven tons of hay and failed to find the body.

Robinson was told to point the spot where he had buried the body. He designated places, but digging in them availed nothing. Late to-night Robinson decided he must have buried Brown's body in a potato patch. It may be dug up to-morrow.

Mrs. Brown declines to talk except to say that she has not aided in killing her husband.

\$50 for 10-Cent Guess.

Ice must be sold by weight, as provided in the city ordinances. It is not enough to buy a 5 or 10 cent piece because it "looks about the right size." It must be weighed.

HEARN

Fourteenth Street West of Fifth Avenue

23RD ANNUAL AUGUST SALE OF Blankets and Household Dry Goods

A SUCCESS Because

Promises and Facts Agree—Offerings Create Enthusiasm

RELIABLE QUALITIES AT UNMATCHABLE PRICES

"Where Thrift Leads, Plenty Follows."

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS SALE INCLUDE:—

Blankets	Muslins	Linens	Silverware	White Goods
Quilts—Comfortables	Sheetings—Sheets	Towels—Towelings	Cutlery	Curtains and Drapes
Tickings—Pillows	Pillow Cases	Scarfs—Shams	Soaps	Rugs, Shades

Annual August Sale of

BLANKETS—All Qualities

Priced so as to make it worth your while to purchase your immediate and future BLANKET NEEDS—all are sold at temptingly low prices for qualities represented—and our special aim is to give the very best qualities at the very lowest prices for which they can be offered; that is saying a great deal when you realize that we buy in enormous quantities, with every possible discount deducted, and offer them to you at A VERY SLIGHT ADVANCE—in addition you have the assurance that all are as represented.

THESE AND MANY OTHERS TOMORROW:

No Mail or Telephone Orders.

\$14.75 Blankets. Sale 10.75	\$24.98 Blankets. Sale 19.75
Pure Australian wool—white and fancy colors—for full size beds—best borders and best bindings.	Finest Australian and Australian wool—single or by pair—bound all round with silk or satin ribbons—unlimited assortment of delicate shades—for show blankets or to harmonize with smart furnishings.
\$10.98 Blankets. Sale 7.95	\$16.98 Blankets. Sale 12.50
Pure Australian wool—white with pink, blue or gold borders, also searlet and delicate two-tone plaids—silk binding.	Fine Australian wool—allover patterns, also plain centres with broad Jacquard borders—dainty and serviceable colors—Pink, Blue, Gold, Rose, Copenhagen, Reseda, French Gray, Salmon, etc.—also plain white blankets bound separately with extra wide satin ribbons—our former selling prices represented exceptional value.
\$8.98 Blankets. Sale 5.75	\$4.98 & \$5.98 Blankets. Sale 4.15
Pure wool and California wool mixed—also plain and best two-tone plaids—for all size beds—destrable borders and bindings.	California mixed and Ohio pure wool White, Searlet, Gray and attractive plaids—pretty borders—some have extra wide silk binding—our best selling numbers—a truly wonderful bargain at \$4.15.
\$2.98 Baby Blankets. Sale 2.45	\$1.98 Blankets. Sale 1.49
Fine wool mixed and pure wool—crib sizes—white with pink or blue borders—ribbon binding.	Eiderdown finish—white, gray and tan—pink or blue plaids for full size beds—twin and full size beds.
\$3.25 Blankets. Sale 2.55	\$1.29 Blankets. Sale .97
In Eiderdown finish—matchless variety of Indian and other designs in combination colors.	Heavy Cotton Flannel—White, Tan and Gray—pretty borders—for large size beds.
\$6.49 to \$7.98 Blankets. Sale 5.25	\$2.49 Blankets. Sale 1.85
Pure California wool and wool filled—white, gray, searlet and Tartan plaids—ribbon bound—all size beds.	Eiderdown finish—white, tan and gray, also two-tone plaids for full size beds—A well-known wear-resisting quality.
74 ct. Crib Blankets. Sale .58	\$3.98 & \$4.98 Blankets. Sale 3.17
Eiderdown finish—white with pink or blue borders; also allover designs in blue and white or pink and white—for cribs and carriages.	Domestic Wool—white with pink or blue borders, also fancy plaids—desirable binding—for twin and three-quarter size beds.
29 ct. Crib Blankets. Sale .24	\$4.75 Comfortable Blankets. Sale 3.77
Cotton flannel—pink or blue borders.	Eiderdown finish—bound all round with 2-inch silk ribbon—every desirable color combination in Jacquard designs.
79 ct. Blankets. Sale .55	
Cotton flannel—white, tan and gray—for three-quarter size beds.	
\$2.49 Blankets, each. Sale 2.12	
Jacquard designs in two and three-tone color combinations for three-quarter size beds—also white wool mixed for single beds.	
\$2.98 Blankets. Sale 2.67	
Eiderdown finish—white and Jacquard plaids in two and three-tone color combinations—extensive assortment.	

Annual August Sale of HOUSEHOLD NEEDFULS

O'cedar Oil or Dust Mops—Sale .55	7 ft. long (37 in. wide)—7 ft. long (37 in. wide)—sold without rollers—reg. .49—Sale .37
Slide Hemmed Window Shades—reg. .42—Sale .37	7 ft. long (37 in. wide)—sold without rollers—reg. .49—Sale .37
Opaque Window Shades—7 ft. long (37 in. wide)—reg. .42—Sale .37	7 ft. long (37 in. wide)—sold without rollers—reg. .49—Sale .37
Table Oil Cloth—all colors—1 1/2 yds. wide—reg. .19 and .22—Sale .17	Shelf Oil Cloth—12 in. wide—all colors—reg. 5 ct.—Sale 3 1/2

Annual August Sale and Clearances in UPHOLSTERY DEPT.

Irresistible inducements to buy now at these wonderful economy prices. You are sure to find just what you want, an added delight to the particular housewife.

New Caseement Draperies—reg. .42—Sale .37

About forty styles—36-inch—novelty borders, Orientals, florals and many other dainty patterns.

New Cretonnes and Art Draperies—worth 25 and 29—Sale .15

Full line of color schemes, including black and white stripes, also chintz, florals, Persians, Delft and others.

Fine Drapery Velours—reg. \$2.49—Sale 1.17

50-inch—rose, olive, crimson, blue, myrtle, wood tones and other wanted shades—desirable quality.

New Curtain Madras—reg. 25—Sale .14

White and cream—double borders and all-over detached figures—large variety.

Also

Lace Curtains (Clearances)—Were \$5.98 to \$7.98—Now 4.98

Marie Antoinette, Irish Point, Lacet, Point Arabe and Cable Net styles—choice patterns.

Lace Curtains—Were \$7.98 and \$8.98—Now 6.98

Marie Antoinette, Lacet, Point Arabe and Irish Point styles—prettiest designs.

Lace Curtains—Value \$9.98 and \$10.98—Now 7.98

Marie Antoinette and Irish Point styles—prettiest designs.

Sunfast Portieres—Were \$3.98—Now 2.98

One and two pairs of a style—brown, blue, sea green and rose—Madras patterns.

Annual August Sale of TABLE LINENS

All reduced for this great sale. House-keepers that look ahead eagerly await this opportunity. It is their stocking-up time. Thrift advises you to do the same!

70-inch Table Damask—pure linen—fully bleached—choice variety, including conventional and floral patterns—reg. 70 yd.—Sale .87

60 to 68 inch Table Damasks—All linen—heavy make—serviceable quality—clover, fleur de lis, rose, spot, tulip and other patterns—reg. 69 yd.—Sale .41

70-inch Satin Damask—pure linen—fully or silver bleached—new florals and stripes in wide variety—reg. 70 yd.—Sale .74

70-inch Irish Linen Damasks—heavy make—bleached and unbleached—full range of desirable patterns—reg. 70 yd.—Sale .64

70-inch Mercerized Damasks—snow white—new patterns—reg. 59—Sale .45

18-inch Mercerized Napkins—pure white—many designs—hemmed—reg. 89 dozen—Sale .68

Luncheon Cloths—row of drawn work above hem—attractive designs—reg. 98—Sale .84

Hemstitched Damask Sets—pure linen—cloth and dozen large napkins—exceptionally choice heavy satin double damask—reg. \$11.98—Sale 7.95

Annual August Sale of BED SPREADS

Styles for daily use and "dress up" ones as well—every one reliable. August sale prices will leave an excellent margin for your savings bank account.

Use this list as your personal guide!

Crochet Spreads—three-quarter-bed size—worth .98—Sale .57

Crochet Spreads—full size—new designs—worth \$1.49—Sale .84

Extra Heavy Crochet Spreads—full size—hemmed or fringed—excellent patterns—worth \$1.69—Sale .97

Crochet Spreads—hemmed, fringed and cut-out—corner—choice designs—Full size—worth \$1.98—Sale 1.37

Satin Finish Marseilles Spreads—full size—fine variety—worth \$2.98—Sale 1.87

Satin Finish Marseilles Spreads—suitable for brass beds—hemmed, fringed, scalloped and cut-out corners—worth \$3.98—Sale 2.64

Summer Business Hours

9.00 A. M. to 6.00 P. M.

Closed All Day Saturday (as During Past 15 Years)

ON SALE UNTIL 1 P. M.—EXTRAORDINARY VALUES!

See other Sunday Papers for Twenty (20) Morning Specials